PS 2964
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Wandering Winds
Illustrated and written
by J. Pauline Sunter.

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a.m.p., Mar. 17, 1930

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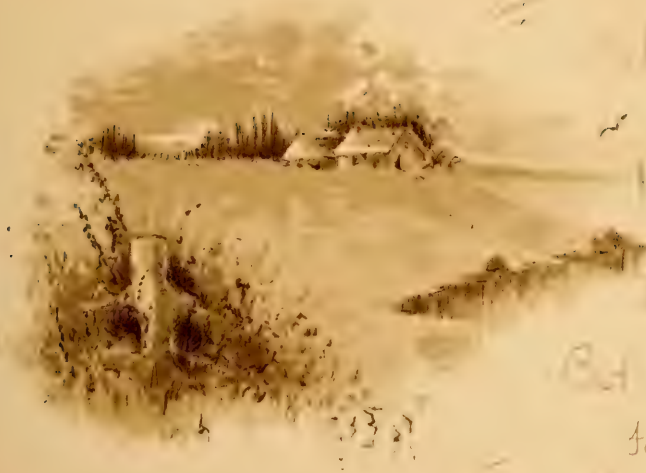
Oh Wandering Winds
tell me, I pray, all the Secrets
of the earth and air

Oh Wandering Winds as you sing
To the buds and the blossoms of Spring;
As you sail over fields of clover,
Your little puffs blowing
Along the brooks flowing,
Are you thinking a program
For Summer over?



Hyro pines, Your
voices are sighing
I know you are
fickle, and
at the joy of your life is simply
to teaze
to God above.

Oh Wandering Wind's
in the sweet new Spring,
When robin and bluebird
are on the wing,
Who is it, that from out the
north-west,
Flings a hand-ful of snow
upon the breast
Of the gladdening earth? Who
is it
I say,
That scatters the blossoms on an April
day?

Are you thinking a program for Summer over?

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